

STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's PROPHYLACTIC-FREE UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • SEPTEMBER 21, 1994



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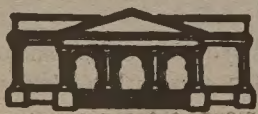
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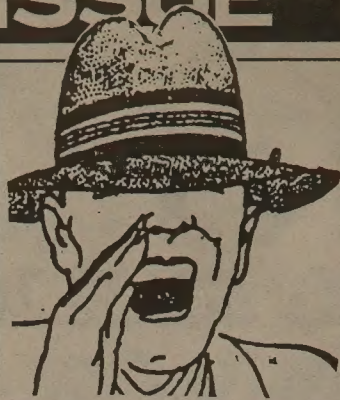


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STUDENT REVIEW
All Things to All People

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The Solid and Hazardous
Waste Control Board, All
Except for Two of Haiti's
Residents, The Ten-Headed
Demon Ravanna, Mr. Bill, or
the Vienna Circle.

NOTE FROM AN EDITOR:

Welcome, whoever you are. On behalf of the Student Review and all of the insidious things we stand for, I'd like to wish you all a hearty welcome to the Good Ol' BYU! Come one, come all, to the Harvard of the West! Time to pledge absolute obedience to your secret Y-groups and storm the Academy for late night "mud twister" and open discussions about communism! The Rocky Horror Picture Show will be shown nightly from 12:00 to 2:00 a.m. in the tunnels beneath the Kimball Tower, and we'll be reading Sunstone in the bushes by the Law building every Tuesday evening.

It is our undying goal to undermine virtue and right, to squelch understandings of Divinity, and to produce in our readership a boiling distrust of pegplu hyus ndgflsl ^\$982nbsda8 : : : Atngd Atgk ATTENT;;ags; Attention Student Review readership! This is the University Department of Love and Standards, Haters of Filth. We know who you are. We have you under surveillance. Dispose of your contraband literature at once, and come out of your foul non-approved dwelling units immediately! Only by absolute obedience to the following orders can you hope to be permitted to remain legally in the county:

1. You will be branded with a scarlet "SR" on the forehead, to be applied by chemical burn by the chemistry lab classes. No attempt to adjust the scar for an alternate, more standard reading, such as "SB" (sassy briches), "SP" (Some Pig!), or "8B" (Eight buttocks) will be permitted. If a passer-by appears not to notice your brand (i.e., does not hiss and spit), you will make every effort to alert him or her to the rotten state of your soul, even by ripping open your own chest and exposing your corroded, wretched heart if necessary.

2. You will undertake a penitence project, by carving steps out of solid granite to the Y on the mountain, with no tool but a copy of the filthy journal you have chosen to read, and no food but the rabbits and mice you can catch with your bare hands and suck dry of life.

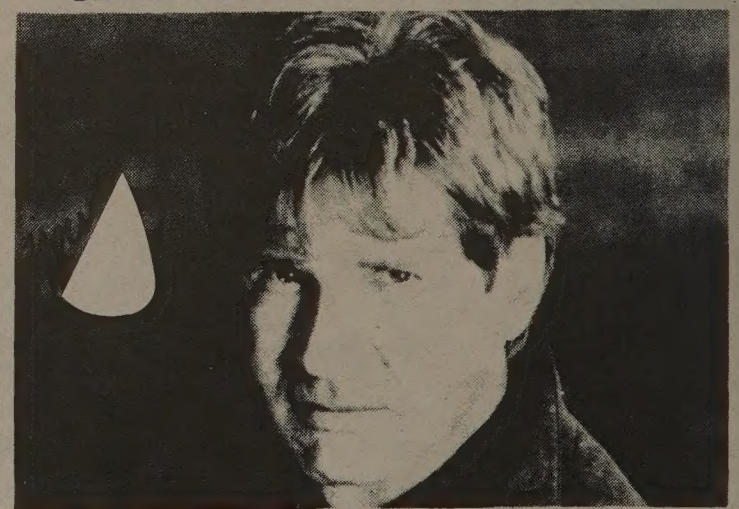
3. You will be paraded publicly, in chains and rags, through the sidewalks of campus, beating yourself about the chest and head and wailing "Woe is me, for I am a wretched son of dubious worth! Woe is me for I am evil incarnate! Woe is me, for I sometimes think nasty, filthy, liberal things! Woe! Woe! And Woe!"

4. You will write letters to all of the 65,000 rejected BYU applicants from third world countries whose place on campus you have unrightly assumed, explaining to them that you are terribly sorry of your unrighteous attempt to usurp their right to be here on the basis of academic merit alone, and in the future you will keep them posted of the tenuous status of your enrollment, noting that there may well be an opening for them here any day now if you can't keep your hands out of those rusty, spiritual bear traps that hold as bait the filthy rag you so love to read.

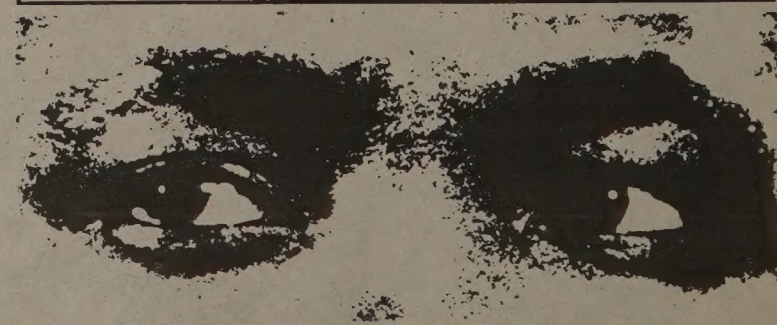
5. You will assume a generally penitent attitude.

Any one of you found in violation of any of the above-stated requirements will be keel-hauled. We see you. We know who you are. We are inches away from crushing you like the miserable bug that you are. Fear us...Fear us....Fear usssssssssssss and then we'll wipe off all of the face paint, restore it to it's original position, leave the building as we came, and get the film developed. Student Review has an insider at the Unifarce who has agreed to run the photos on the front page for us in the middle of the following week, so be prepared to act on the secret sign! Any questions? Hey! Where'd everybody go? What's going on? Hey!

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT



HARRISON FORD



Top Twenty

1. Progressive Book Sale
2. The Inoperative Community
3. Open 24 Hours
4. Festival of India
5. First Date Kissing
6. Shoe Goo
7. 69 Cent Quarter-Pounders
8. Escapism
9. Electric Woks
10. Body Surfing
11. ROTC
12. Art of the Insane
13. Big Hard Drives
14. El Azteca
15. Flyfishing
16. Mighty Morphin Power Rangers
17. PLA
18. Yom Kippur
19. *Barcelona* (The Movie)
20. Gandhi

Bottom Ten

The Return of Shawn Bradley, Foot Odor, Sexual Tension, *Dead at 21*, Auto Repair, TAs, Canned Peas, Antidisestablishmentarianism, Trojan Explosives, Book Lines

NEEDLE ME: SO YOU THINK YOU WANT A TATTOO?

By E. BEECROFT (WITH ASSISTANCE BY THE VICTIM HERSELF)

I have often wanted a tattoo, though the feeling usually disappears after a few minutes. Once, at a time when I really wanted to get one, I found a friend who wanted to get one for herself. I gladly obliged when she asked if I could drive to Salt Lake to look into it with her. After all, what better way to get a tattoo than to bring along someone to get it for you? Inquiring local sources (friends with tattoos) as to the best place to go to acquire said artwork, we were unequivocally told not to go to a certain establishment because they were, quote, "A bunch of drunks." Since the thought of having an inebriated man with a needle using my compatriot's skin as a scribble pad was not appealing, we went to a highly recommended establishment—Susie M.'s Gallery of Fine Tattooing.

"This is going to be cool," I told myself as we walked inside the small shop in south Salt Lake. Looking around, I instantly noticed the copious amounts of photographs plastered to the walls. Good! Since my companion was not quite sure what to get, this would give her ideas. After attempting to get an appointment (which we did not know we had to have), we were told that they were booked for another week, but that one of their artists, Jon, might be in this afternoon, and could handle her then—if he shows. So we sat on a dingy couch for about an hour, looking through stacks and stacks of books containing other people's tattoos. I suggested snakes, scantily clad women, skulls, and demons, but my companion opted for something slightly more feminine—a sunflower. This was an obvious choice, since the soon-to-be human canvas had been infatuated with said vegetation for quite some time.

Finally Jon showed up. Expecting an old hippie with long hair and a big gut, I was pleasantly surprised to see that this guy was older. And, far from being long-haired, he was bald, thanks partially to a Norelco razor. He had a very long beard, which made up for the lack of hair on top, I guess. A hippie? Nay—he was a family man, with 8 kids, and he rode vintage Harleys and worked at the Hogle Zoo. This was getting interesting! He conferred with the...er...victim for a few minutes, then went to work. Two roommates and I were allowed to watch as our friend prepared to have her body permanently marked. She reclined on a sort of dentist's easy chair, while the artist prepared his inks. Finally, he turned on the gun. Its appearance was similar to that of an engraving stylus of the type used on metal objects. This fact did not help her relax.

"It feels like a cat scratch, but slightly worse." John assured her, "Besides, only the line is really painful. The color doesn't hurt at all."

So she grimaced and allowed the work to proceed. As I saw that she would probably start crying soon (obvious by her extreme wincing and naildigging into the seat), I tried to start up a conversation with Jon. He was relatively quiet at first, but, as the hour disappeared, he opened up. We spoke of vintage motorcycles, of tattoos, of most anything. I felt as if I was in a bar bonding with a patron. It was really cool. He stopped often to converse with our friend, who was relatively quiet.

Soon enough, the (out)line was completed, and he pulled out his colored inks, which were vaguely remi-

niscient of the little water color sets I had in my youth. This did not hurt nearly as badly (or so I later heard) as the line drawing had. As it turned out, John only had one tattoo, however it started on one shoulder and wound across his back to the other shoulder, and it was not finished yet. He was surprised to find out we were all LDS. He then went off about some papal edict of the ancient past outlawing tattoos because they were tribal or something. I was not paying really close attention, as I was too busy looking at the end result of the dermal assault.

The sunflower was a brilliant yellow and orange, about the size of 1 1/2 silver dollars. At Susie M.'s it was standard to take a photo of every tattoo, so Jon went into another room with the tattooee, and returned shortly. Price? Fifty bucks, cash only. Plus free touch-ups if the color ever started to fade, etc. He gave her instructions on how to care for it. Apparently the tattoo would scab over for about 2 weeks, then be fine. She had to keep a bandage over it, and apply a triple antibiotic ointment every day. That was that. We left, my curiosity satisfied, my friend with a sore hip.

Interested? Here are some hints:

1. Make sure you really want one. Removal is possible but costly and painful. Don't get one on a whim. My friend had wanted one for about five years before she got one. She isn't sorry.

2. Get something that is tasteful, and something that you will want in two months, twenty years, etc. Don't get "Ice Ice Baby," or a small cuddly Disney character. Styles change; so will you. Be careful what you get. Modifications are possible, but costly and a pain in the butt—literally, perhaps.

3. Go to a reputable, clean, and safe artist. Don't do it yourself, and don't go to some hole in the wall. With the very real threat of AIDS, make sure the parlor is recommended and has an approval certificate from the Health/Safety Board. Don't risk it. My colleague searched far and wide to make sure the establishment she chose was sanitary.

4. Realize that some people have ethical or religious objections to skin art. The girl that received this tattoo checked with her ecclesiastical leader before getting one. He told her the views of her denomination (LDS) and said it was up to her, and choosing to receive one would not keep her out of the temple or out of the Celestial Kingdom. Since receiving this tattoo, however, she has run into many so-called "accepting" BYU students who have chastised her for her decision. She is pleased with her decision, but ask yourself if you are ready to accept the whole commitment before you get one. It's permanent.

5. Take Cash. Usually no checks, credit cards, or pesos accepted.

6. Tattoos are addictive. As Jon warned us, there are a lot of people with one tattoo, a lot of people with 3 or more, but very few people with two.

7. Interested?

Try Susie M.'s Gallery of Fine Tattooing, 1361 So. State, SLC, Utah (801) 467-8282
...(They do body piercing, too !!)

Editor's Note: Student Review accepts no liability for any individual's decision...

MATTHEW WORKMAN'S 5939 WASTED CHARACTERS



OH, ANGIE

Over the summer, I had the chance to travel the world. Well, not the whole world, just three cities in Europe. My point is that I didn't spend the summer hanging out at some Pizza Hut in Provo; I spent my summer hanging out at some Pizza Hut in *Barcelona*. Travel is a wonderful thing, because it offers you the chance to learn things you might otherwise not have known. For instance, did you know that everything in Europe is expensive? I do. Did you know people in France really don't know much English? Trust me, I do. Did you know that people in London drive on the wrong side of the road? Well, I guess I knew that before I went there, but seeing it really drove the point home. While knowing these things has expanded my horizons and made me a better person, I learned something more important than all this. I now know what I would do if I came face to face with a leggy supermodel. I'll explain.

One afternoon my friend Scott and I were wandering the streets of Barcelona trying to find a store. If we were in the United States, we would have said we were "lost," but we were in a foreign country, so we were actually "leaving the beaten path and really getting to know the culture and people of a different land." That's what we kept telling ourselves. Anyway, after some searching we came to a train station. Now a train station is not really a store, but it is a place where you can relieve yourself of some of that annoying money that you sometimes find in your pocket. We decided to go in. After speaking to someone at the information desk and, for all I know, establishing that there were still seats available on the 10:30 eggplant, we headed for the door. That's when we noticed the photo shoot.

There were a bunch of professional looking people taking pictures of a tall woman with red hair. We surveyed the situation for some time and eventually spoke to one of the technical folks before we realized what was happening; we were standing only 20 feet from supermodel-deluxe Angie Everheart.

For many years, I considered myself a refined man. My mother raised me to believe that supermodels were nothing but airheaded bait for rock stars and I should be looking for a woman with a Ph.D. Well, Angie helped shatter all that. When my roommates and I saw her on the *Sports Illustrated Swimwear Special* several years ago, we knew that we had all finally discovered true love. She was the only supermodel who could assemble a sentence completely (Kathy Ireland was the worst) and she was by far the best looking. Richard Gere can have Cindy Crawford. We wanted Angie Everheart.

We figured the most reasonable and mature thing to do was construct a shrine to Angie in our living room using photos we stole from our sister's fashion magazines. We chose only tasteful, modest shots of our beloved to show our deepest respect. A lot of time was spent staring at our shrine (in case you're wondering, not many women came to visit us while we were going through this phase) and dreaming of the day when we would get "that big break." "If only I could meet Angie one day. If I could just have the *chance* to speak to her. That would be the greatest moment of my life."

That moment had finally arrived. Scott and I stared, our jaws nearly hitting the floor, as we tried to think what our next move should be. "Scott, take a picture." Scott took a picture while I hatched our next big move. "Scott, take a picture of her but include me in the picture!" Scott set up the shot, then it happened. She looked at me. That's right, guys, Angie Everheart looked right at me and smiled. Always quick with the clever moves, I looked blankly at her and shrugged my shoulders. "We have to say something to her, Scott. When she sees we're Americans, maybe she'll want to have dinner with us or something." About then she walked to her trailer to have her hair done. Scott and I hatched a plan.

While Angie was in the trailer, Scott and I positioned

SEE "OH, ANGIE" PAGE 8

THE JOY OF UNLIMITED SALVATION

BY EUGENE ENGLAND

In the winter of 1965, while I was a graduate student at Stanford, I audited a course in Christian Ethics from Robert McAfee Brown, the great Presbyterian theologian. I was in awe of him—his meticulous scholarly writing and precise lecturing, his wide and ecumenical friendships with the likes of Paul Tillich, Abraham Heschel (whom he brought to class once), and Jacques Maritain (with whom he had served as an observer at Vatican II). Later, when he accepted me as a teaching assistant in his Theology and Literature class, I learned of his warmth and humor, but in that first class I thought he existed in a realm of pure classical Protestant thought that both impressed and repelled my Mormon sensibility.

So, it was a great surprise when one day, while he was talking about God's infinite, unconditional love as a basis for all human ethics, he paused, and I could see, sitting on the first row, there were tears in his eyes. After a few moments, he said, "I'm considered a heretic in my own church, because I can't accept its teaching that, when we die, we are judged and go to heaven or hell. That's completely inconsistent with the God of perfect love I know. He would never stop loving us and trying to save us."

My heart yearned for him, and I wanted to tell him there is a religion that fully affirms such a God—but I didn't have the courage yet. Still, at that moment, a joyful conviction renewed itself in me that God did indeed love us infinitely, would indeed never stop loving us and helping us repent—and would accept our repentance and welcome us into his presence and eternal life whenever it occurred, even after any imagined "final" judgment. That conviction, born of the spirit, has never wavered.

However, I'm not a "universalist." I don't believe that God guarantees universal salvation, because, as an orthodox Mormon, I don't believe he can. Universalism is simply an optimistic extension of Calvinist predestination. It was a position held by many in Joseph Smith's time, including his grandfather, who renounced it when he read the Book of Mormon—which contains some very direct and effective attacks on universalism. But the Book of Mormon, along with Joseph Smith's other teachings, also provides a unique and powerful alternative to universalism, one which both avoids its flaws and increases its beauties: God is all-loving but not all-powerful; we are eternal agents like himself and



thus he cannot force salvation upon us but must teach and move and assist us to be saved and exalted—but like the best parent will do all he can and never stop trying.

Universalism guarantees salvation despite what we do and thus become, so, as the Book of Mormon reminds us, it removes the incentives to do and be good and allows the devil to lead us softly down to hell. Mormonism provides both the incentive and power of God's infinite love and the knowledge that we must choose to use that power to do and be better, all according to eternal laws. It teaches clearly the active grace of God, which extends into the post-mortal life and eventually provides—through revelation and the Atonement created in the life and death of his Son—all who come to earth with sufficient knowledge and power to be saved: "All are alike unto God" (2 Nephi 26:33) and he "brings forth his

word unto...all the nations of the earth" (2 Nephi 28:15).

The Doctrine and Covenants completes a clear picture in which salvation is not a mere gift of grace or something earned by works, but simply a condition of being, the result at any time of what we, through accepting God's grace, have chosen to do with his gifts and have thus made ourselves into. Section 76

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provides a snapshot of one time in the future, showing the great variety of our conditions then, according to what we have become at that time. But its basic message is that Jesus lived and died "that through him all might be saved"

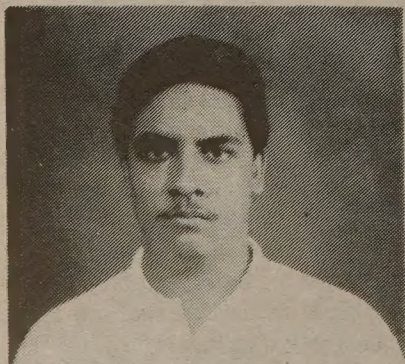
(v. 42). It also, of course, points out the possibility that individual agents can become by their choices so opposed to God they are basically unable to repent—the "sons of perdition." They, if there turn out to be any, will become such not because God sets limits on them but because they "procrastinate the day

of their repentance" so long that nothing, not even God's great power, can ever move them: it is "everlastingly too late" because of what they have chosen to become.

As a missionary I often rejoiced in being able to teach people that God does not divide us, in our great range of lives, at death, and stand at the border between heaven and hell, stamping on the fingers of those reaching up who can't quite qualify. Surely the Restored Gospel does not merely substitute four divisions of judgment for two, with God standing at each border stamping on fingers. Our judgment will be our self-knowledge and the best opportunities we are able and willing to accept from God; it will be as unlimited as our individual potential and as diverse and individually tailored as God's infinite creation—"for as one star differs from another star in glory, even so differs one [person] from another in glory" (v. 98).

I feel in the universe a constant and permanent message, expressed by Joseph Smith in the King Follett Discourse, that "all the minds and spirits God ever sent into the world are susceptible of enlargement and improvement." Some may eventually stop progressing, limited permanently by what they have chosen to become, but neither we nor God know who they are—and so we must, as God does, always treat everyone, including ourselves, as potential gods. That, I believe, is the message of the First Presidency's answer to the question whether we can advance from kingdom to kingdom in the future: "The Church has never announced a definite doctrine upon this point" (letter to Joe J. Christensen, 17 Dec. 1965). By thus leaving the matter open, God makes it so we should neither despair nor presume to procrastinate. God offers us the hope (and motivation) that he sets no limits on our salvation, but the reminder (and motivation) that he can't guarantee salvation if we habitually choose otherwise.

So I rejoice in God's overflowing grace and permanently offered forgiveness. I rejoice in a universe of plenitude, full of his glory and love. As the earth turns, the dawn comes up constantly for new people, and bright sunsets revolve before us—God's never-ending show of his grace. The clouds turn with the earth and rainbows grow up through the rain—God's never-ending promise of forgiveness. All God's work is to bring to pass our immortality and eternal life.



Muhammad Tawaad Tariq

SCRIPTURE OF THE WEEK

"Read! In the name of thy Lord and Cherisher, who created."

-Al-Alaq

This is one of Muhammad Tawaad Tariq's favorite scriptures because "This was the first verse sent upon Prophet Muhammad, Peace Be Upon Him, of Quran by God Almighty. This verse teaches man to educate himself and solve the queries of nature. This verse has always been a source of inspiration for me."

Muhammad Tariq is a freshman majoring in electrical and computer engineering from Lahore, Pakistan.

SLICES O' FAITH

Slices O' Faith is a regular column featuring precious, if not plain, expressions of faith and devotion. Submissions are welcome c/o the SR Religion Editor.

This is an excerpt from a resumé found on the floor of the Tanner Building.

Experience:

Area Manager

- Organize 40 American and native Brazilian volunteers
- Train and teach volunteers effective sales and management skills
- Coordinate travel and living arrangements
- Motivate to excel and to exceed potential and goals

In case you haven't made the connection, he's referring to his mission. The Student Review wishes to congratulate the Church Missionary Department for producing such talented vineyard-pruners.

BOOK REVIEW

BLACK SAINTS IN A WHITE CHURCH

REVIEWED BY RUSSELL ARBEN FOX

Black Saints in a White Church, by Jessie L. Embry
Signature Books, 1994, 286 pp., \$18.95

Black Saints in a White Church is a welcome addition to the small but growing amount of literature on (as the subtitle of the book reads) "Contemporary African American Mormons." It has been more than fifteen years since the 1978 revelation that allowed male Mormons of African descent to hold the priesthood; in that time, the issue of how such Saints are doing in this overwhelmingly white church has been rarely addressed—and when it has, too often sensationalism has clouded real concerns. Thankfully, that never happens here.

The genesis of the study was Alan Cherry's 1984 proposal to the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at BYU to "pursue the history of blacks in the Mormon church" (79). Cherry, who is black, was motivated by his conviction that most Mormons accepted a variety of stereotypes about their black fellow worshippers, and that unless the black members' stories were told, the stereotypes would continue unabated.

A total of 226 people were interviewed before the project was completed, including Cherry himself. While most of those interviewed resided in the intermountain West, several field trips were conducted to New York City, Charlotte, North Carolina, Chicago, Atlanta, Georgia, Baker, Louisiana, the Washington DC area and variety of other locales. The interviews were conducted between 1985 and 1988, and included personal interviews and survey questions.

The bulk of *Black Saints* is made up of presentations and interpretations of the collected data, which is compared with similar samples gathered through studies of religious black Americans in general, and American Mormons in general. The study addresses such subject as "Cultural Interaction," "Social Acceptance," and "Organizational Issues." While obviously no survey research project can avoid shaping to a certain degree the opinions it hopes to measure, the intentions of those who conducted these interviews allowed for some surprising and illuminating results to shine through.

The majority of those interviewed expressed a feeling of contentment with the way they are treated within their individual wards and branches. Only ten percent said they felt regularly bothered by being "stared at" or being assumed to be strangers in their own wards (150). Indeed, the greatest complaint many black members expressed having with their fellow worshippers was the over-eagerness white members had to compliment them, curry their favor, or present themselves as "well-intentioned" (157). Those who admitted a problem with prejudice usually qualified their concerns with a geographic, economic, or generational caveat. Some said older members had a greater problem with black Mormons than the youth did; others said in the South or East they felt discrimination, but after moving to BYU or Salt Lake City they did not. (Others, to be fair, said the exact reverse.) Well-educated blacks often expressed feeling as though they would be treated better if they conformed to the low-education stereotypes many whites have for blacks. And one unfortunate observation often repeated was that "the brothers really welcomed [the black converts]...but the sisters gave [them the] cold shoulder" (155). It seems LDS women may be more prejudiced than men, though this may be because many Mormon women, as homemakers, have had less contact with those outside their social group than men.

In terms of religious commitment, many black members interviewed professed a significant determination to be perceived as "orthodox." And in fact most black members expressed comparatively higher degrees of commitment to such "standard" Christian items as the "Bible as the word of God" and "the divinity of Christ" than white Mormons did in a similar survey. On doctrines particular to the LDS faith however (Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, the LDS Church being the one and only true church, etc.) there was a slightly smaller degree of commitment expressed than by their white counterparts (99).

Insofar as callings are concerned, black members expressed a variety of sentiments. Many black members reported prejudices held by fellow members which, while unexcited by the presence black families in sacrament meeting, came to the fore when a black member was called into a position of authority (115). Once again, Relief Society seemed to be a greater source of complaints than priesthood quorums, though this may be because black women have had more opportunity to achieve positions of influence in their organizations than in slower-to-change priesthood offices.

Overall, *Black Saints* uses its survey research carefully, Ms. Embry always qualifying the data's claims and coming to no sweeping conclusions. This is appropriate, for it expresses the study's research results without smothering the anecdotes and historical background which gives the study so much of its immediacy. Specific complaints made by individual black members come through loud and clear, and cannot be shrugged off: LDS leaders refusing to consider any change in our traditionally funeral-like hymns, despite the pleadings of black members who long to hear more "real Christian" music; the dilemma faced by black teen-agers when it comes to dating, suffering from negative responses from leaders when they try to date either non-members of their own race or white members; the subtle yet devastating harm done by bishops, when they have white children confirmed during sacrament meeting but wait until after the meeting to confirm black children in the bishop's office. The list goes one and on. Besides doing the immense service of sharing with the world at large the stories of black Mormons, Alan Cherry and Jessie Embry have given us a catalogue of the problems and possibilities that surround us, robbing us of our blinders.

Furthermore, a debt is owed to Signature Books. While this book is in no way an attack on the LDS Church, and the focus of the work is hardly the controversial history of blacks and Mormons, there is at the same time no way black Mormons' stories could be told without detailing the history of the priesthood ban, and the way it has been interpreted by Mormon leaders past and present. For such reasons, it is doubtful this book would have ever been printed by Deseret Books or Bookcraft.

For instance, *Black Saints* makes it clear that the confusion over race in the Mormon church goes back to its beginnings. The idea that blacks were cursed as regards the priesthood evolved from a few unofficial pronouncements by Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde, to an "official declaration of Joseph Smith," and then into a position of trusting in "reasons [for the ban] which we believe are known to God, but which He has not [revealed] to men" (25-26). The story of Elijah Abel, a former slave ordained to the priesthood by Joseph Smith but banned from the temple before he died, is a vital part of the black Mormon story. In *Black Saints* we learn that Joseph F. Smith defended Abel's priesthood calling in 1879, as prejudice grew in the Salt Lake Valley, but then renounced it in 1908, saying that Joseph Smith himself had declared Abel's ordination null and void, when the Prophet in fact did no such thing (39). (That's better than Joseph Fielding Smith, who attempted to argue that there had been two Elijah Abels, one white and one black.) The confusion has not left us today; perhaps the most poignant anecdote in the book is given by an interracial couple, who received so much static from both their families that they ultimately arranged an interview with Boyd K. Packer to ask him if they should marry. Packer asked Marion D. Hanks into the interview and proceeded to square off against him, Packer taking the position that an interracial marriage was "detrimental" to one's mission in life, Hanks taking the opposite view (170). They've now been married fifteen years.

Since the ban was lifted, Mormon life, for both blacks and whites, has grown healthier and stronger. But struggles remain. Thanks to Jessie Embry, Alan Cherry, Signature Books, and the hundreds who volunteered to tell their stories in this book, those struggles have been made easier.



Hey... whatever.

"I hate coffee."
"I worship coffee."
"I love carrot juice."
"Carrot juice is gross."
"I die for kiwi granitas."
"Kiwi anything makes me sick."

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You've seen **thirtysomething**
You've seen **USA Up All Night**
You've seen **Soul Train**
And you've seen **Models Inc.**
But have you seen

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A GLIMPSE AT BRIAN EVENSON

AN INTERVIEW BY LARA CANDLAND

Brian Evenson came to BYU from the University of Washington in the winter of 1994 as an Assistant Professor of English. Evenson has a book of twenty-five stories and a novella called *Altmann's Tongue* coming from Knopf in September. His work has appeared regularly in *The Quarterly* as well as in many other publications. He is the father of two young daughters and is married to Connie Evenson who teaches French at UVSC. *Altmann's Tongue* is a hefty first collection of stories made even stronger by the novella, *The Sanza Affair*, which finishes out the book. The stories are compelling and darkly funny—sometimes deeply disturbing. The impregnable quality of the “surface” of these pieces will cause you to want to return to them and understand what is underneath. Though this task may be eternally frustrating, the glimpse of motion and operatics beneath the veneer of the stories will captivate and unsettle. Evenson will take you to places unfamiliar, where your bearing will always be unsettled, and each story will place you in its own tiny, sealed world. Be aware of Brian Evenson as a talented new writer and teacher at BYU.

Lara Candland: What is your responsibility, if any, as a writer, to language, to God, to art, philosophy, humanity? Where is your allegiance?

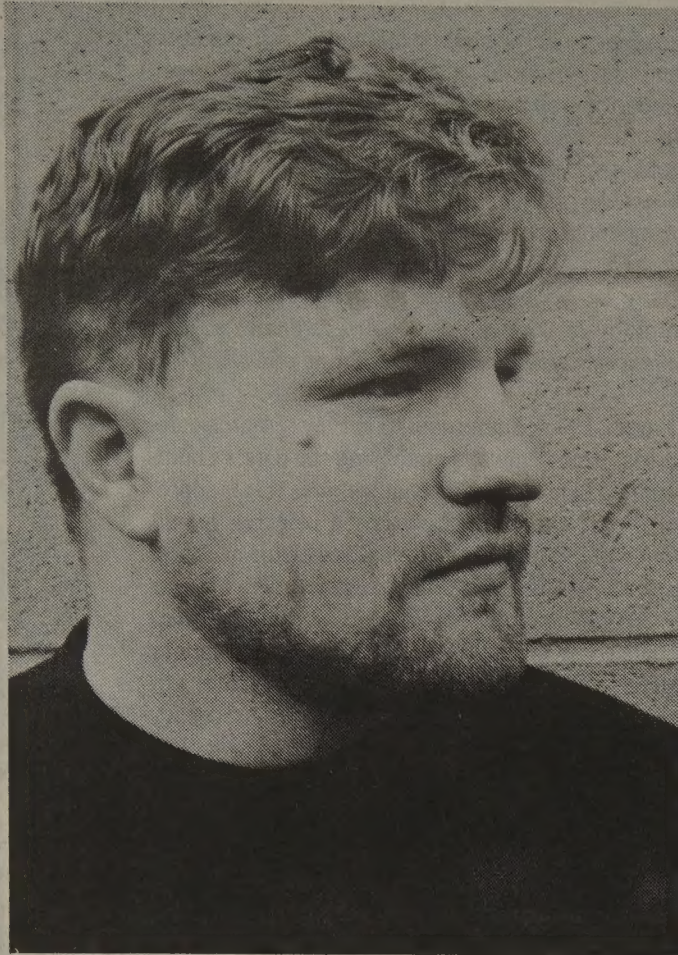
Brian Evenson: As a Mormon my first obligation is to God, but when I am writing the only obligation that *feels* present to me is an obligation to the language. That isn't to say that my writing is godless—I don't think a writer who is seriously a Mormon can ever get away from his or her faith—but that God and religion sink into the work to operate only under the surface. Your beliefs are so much a part of you that they will deploy themselves through your writing without you making a conscious effort. I guess that's the main difficulty I have with most of Mormon fiction (with a few notable exceptions): it is too conscious of itself as Mormon fiction. It feels it has to push its Mormonism into the reader's face. There's no profundity to the Mormonism—it's a sort of complicated and extended name dropping. A result perhaps of how conscious we as Mormons are of the importance of image.

For me, belief and ideology must reside below the surface, so deep that even the writer can never quite untangle and categorize them. The language, on the other hand, is the surface through which one must pass to get anywhere else. If the surface fails to convince the reader, the piece fails. If I have an allegiance, then that allegiance is to language and where language can lead me. And language can lead me anywhere. Even places I don't think I want to go.

Certainly you can see the effect of philosophy and art on my work, though I don't feel I have an allegiance to any school. Music as well—probably more than these others. There are certain philosophers I keep returning to, probably because I see an affinity between their ideas and my own. In terms of the visual arts, I have four or five artists who continue to be profoundly unsettling to me, and thus very influential in terms of pushing me in new directions. I find Caravaggio's bodies tremendously powerful. Francis Bacon, too, understands things about the composition of bodies and souls that I am always trying to fathom myself. I saw Antonin Artaud's asylum pencil drawings in a situation that has made it impossible for me to forget them. *L'art brut* too, opened new doors for me.

LC: Are you pleased with *Altmann's Tongue*? Do you feel satisfied with it or will you always find more things that you could change? Your stories are very tight and have a kind of perfection that makes them feel as if they have been combed through and divested of imperfections. What is your process

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of revision?

BE: Generally, I am pleased with *Altmann's Tongue*, though if I were to do it over again, I would do some things differently. I wrote the stories in it at least 18 months ago and in some cases four or five years ago, and I've learned a lot in the meantime. Looking at it now, I see all sorts of things that I would change, but I know that if I do change them I'd find a bunch of new things. The work is always imperfect. But sometimes imperfections lend a face of odd beauty.

In terms of revision, I think about it very much in terms of the language. I tend to find in the first or second draft the right pacing and a basic structure of the story. At the same time I go through sentence by sentence, thinking very carefully about the words—their tonal qualities, their rhythms, their degree of precision, and so on. I might do that ten or twenty times, until I feel like I've reached a point where I have seen all I think I can see—where the sentences feel tense and finely crafted and where everything seems to be of a piece. Very often in the revision I discover things about the story and about myself as a writer that I couldn't learn in any other way.

LC: I know that you have studied several languages intensely and that you also do translations. How does your knowledge of other languages affect your use of English?

BE: Knowing different languages has led me to think about my own in quite a different way. It has helped me to see that there is a great deal of flexibility in English. It has taught me that our language determines the ways in which we think about ideas. I've learned, from French, Spanish, and German, ways of thinking about ideas that I've tried to bring back into English. I also have a whole arsenal of ways in which to put pressure on English structures and syntax. As a writer I think you are always looking for was in which you can make the language new and fresh—you want to construct your own language within the larger language. For me, knowing foreign languages has been very helpful because of that.

It is also helpful in another way. I do a lot of my reading in foreign languages, in books that have not yet been translated and may never be translated. I've been able to learn a great deal from authors who most Americans will never come into contact with. I have learned from French writers like Eric Chevillard and French-African writers like Edouard Maunick and South American writers such as Rafael Cadenays ways of thinking about writing that Raymond Carver or Mary Robison could never tell me. That isn't to say that I don't read the American writers—I do. But my own writing will never fit snugly into the categorical schools of American writing. I guess finally I don't even think of myself consciously as an American writer, though certainly there are markers that

might allow people to define me as such.

LC: When you begin a story, do you think in terms of images, scenarios, a sentence or word or an entire sequence of sentences or events? Mozart's pieces came from his mind to his paper fully formed, he claimed. How do your stories begin and how fleshed out are they before you actually put them on paper?

BE: It varies. Pieces never come to me fully formed, though. When they do, I never bother to write them. Usually a story begins with a very general idea or with a very specific sentence or clause. I usually don't know where I am going until I've written a few pages and can see where the language is leading me. At that point, the whole story will surge up all at once in my head—the specific sentences even. At other times—especially in my best stories—I won't realize where I am going until I reach the last sentence. This seems to be more and more the case for me. Even the stories that surge up in my head very often seem to change drastically in revision.

Anything can be a spark for a story. For me, it is most often a sentence or a word, but it can also be an idea or an event of an actual experience or, more rarely, an image. “Stung,” for instance, came from a death I read about in the 1970s in a British newspaper—about a man stung to death by bees. “The Munich Window” sprang from a picture in a French bookseller's catalog. “Altmann's Tongue” began with the image that ends the piece. “Hey, Luciano!” came all from its first sentence: “That was the day my father was shot for giving bad directions.” “Her Other Bodies” comes from a trip that I took with a friend. It really is a travelogue. Other stories came from other places in diverse ways.

LC: I know that you haven't really taken a lot of writing workshops. Do you share your work with anyone or do you feel sure of your instincts as a writer? Has there been an adviser in your career who has been particularly valuable to your development?

BE: I took a few writing workshops as an undergraduate—Leslie Norris was really the only one I ever took them from. He was great: he taught me enough about writing that I could teach myself and develop in my own way. The best creative writing teachers are able to do that—to get away from their prejudices. I've also sat in on Gordon Lish's fiction classes, which have been enormously helpful for me. I had one creative writing workshop as a graduate student at University of Washington but found it a waste of time. But now I teach creative writing. I think I am a better teacher because I don't have a predetermined idea of what a creative writing class should be. I take a lot of risks in the classroom and try to give students the intense and often painful attention that Leslie and Gordon have given me.

I share my work with people only when I feel like it is close to being ready for publication. For me, there's a certain necessary solitude in writing. Very little of the advice you get is actually relevant anyway. If I show it to people, it isn't to the kind of people that will give me plot suggestions, but to people who understand what I am doing and are willing to accept those premises and can give suggestions, within those premises, to improve the piece.

LC: If I had to discuss your work in the context of other writers, I would probably bring up Poe and Cormac McCarthy—maybe a bit of Kafka. In whose company would you like to place yourself? Has there been one particular writer who has changed the course of your work? Can you give us a top-ten list?

BE: I like Poe, though I haven't read him for probably ten years. Certainly I very much agree with Poe's views of writing. I think McCarthy's work is great, but I came to it too late for him to be a real

influence on me. Kafka, however, was very important. My father introduced me to Kafka's work when I was fourteen. I thought his parable “The Coming of the Messiah” was the most powerful thing I had ever read, and used to lay awake nights thinking about it. I don't think there is much of Kafka in my style, but certainly Kafka redirected my interests in a way that led later to my style. Beckett, too, was the same way for me. Both he and Kafka seemed at first so alien to me that they were endlessly fascinating. But it soon became clear that the reason they were so fascination was that they were much closer to me than I dared to believe, and were even a darker part of me. Antonin Artaud was the same way. I remember when I was eighteen taking down from the shelves of the BYU library a book of his long poems and starting to read and being utterly horrified but yet being unable to stop, being taken into a world that was completely outside of anything I could imagine.

I can't give any kind of organized top-ten list, but I can mention a few writers to whom I feel an affinity. Welsh writer Caradoc Evans might be one. Certainly Ital Svevo and Carlo Emilio Gadda. Certain stories of Zimbabwean writer Dambudzo Marechera. Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. Handke's *Goalie's Anxiety* and Berhard's *Correction*. Herman Melville's *Pierre*. Lish's *Dear*

KILLING CATS

A SHORT STORY BY BRIAN EVENSON

They wanted to kill their cats, but the problem was the problem of transportation. They invited me to dinner to beg me to drive them and their cats out to the edge of town so that they, the cat-killers, could kill their cats. There was no need for me to participate in the slaughter, they said, beyond driving, nor any need for me to watch them kill their cats. Probably it was better someone stayed in the car and kept the motor running, they said. They did not know for certain what laws existed about people and their cats, about what people could inflict, legally speaking, on their own cats. Nevertheless, they assumed that there were laws and statutes and ordinances, books and books of legalities concerning felines and their acceptable modes of death, they said. Laws and statutes and ordinances which, they informed me, they were prepared to break.

I did not much care to try my hand in cat killing, but all I would have to do was to drive. I did not have to kill the cats. So I told them yes, I would drive them, yes, as a token of friendship—if they would pay for gas. They said all right, they would pay, and introduced their cats to me. The mother Checkers, the female kitten Oreo, the male kitten Champ. They apologized for the banal names—although knowing what I knew about these cats I was hardly in a position to establish a rapport. I would have preferred not to have known their names. Better that they be for me just “the cats.” I was only the driver: all I knew, if questioned, was the road there and the road back from there, nothing about what occurred at the place itself.

But the people insisted on telling me names, and once they told me they insisted on apologizing, telling me the cats' names were not names the people personally would have chosen, but had been, they unfortunately insisted on telling me, the names their children had chosen.

The man went to the hall closet and rummaged out a gun and wads of stiff, filthy rags. He rubbed the gun down with the rags. He polished the gun up and, after sighting down the barrel at me, handed me the weapon.

“Think it can do the trick?” he said.

I held the gun a moment, for form's sake, before returning the gun to the man. I said, yes, it probably would.

The man pointed the gun at the dining room table, telling me how sometimes, when he saw the cats climb up there to lick the plates, he wanted to “blow their furry bodies right off the table.” He had wanted to “blast the cats away” for quite some time, he said. Checkers most of all, he said, but Oreo and Champ were no exception. Tonight was the night, he indicated. He pointed the gun and made a sound so I would know what he meant.

I watched the woman wander on tiptoe down the hall, peeking through doorways. She came back into the kitchen, started picking up cats.

“Sound as angels,” she said. “Let's be on our way.”

“Slugs, honey?” the man said.

“Honestly, dear, I haven't the least,” said the woman.

Mr. Capote and Delillo's *The Names* and Hannah's *Ray*. William Godwin's *Caleb Williams*. Edouard Maunick's poetry and Jack Gilbert's poetry. On another day, I might name different names.

LC: What do you have to offer the students in your writing workshop—what would you have them know?

BE: I think that most students aren't aware of what they can do with writing. When they begin to realize, it scares the hell out of them. It is easy for creative writing workshops to turn into praise parties in which everybody says nice things about everybody else's work and nobody gets any better. What I try to offer students are opportunities to take the kinds of risks that they need to take in order to improve their writing. I can be very aggressive about this sometimes, and even a little mean, but I truly think that if you remain wrapped up in your comfort zone, you won't move forward. My “workshops” end up with me talking as much about the relationship of the writer to his society and to language as they do going over student work.

LC: What is the “thing,” in your opinion, that a writer must have? Can you define what makes the writers you admire

great or good?

BE: For me, good writers all have a primary concern with language which is visible in the strength of their voice, stance and structure. Good writers have a palpable style that you can feel and identify. Subject matter in the long run doesn't make any difference, but how that subject matter is presented makes all the difference. Good writers are the ones who understand the mechanics of language so well that even after you have finished the book the characters' voices keep speaking inside your head, playing out the rest of their lives, refusing to be repressed. Thomas Bernhard's narrators do this for me—his style is so unified that after reading a book of his I wander around for weeks speaking like one of his narrators.

LC: I believe you may have some interest from Knopf in a novella. What new projects are you working on?

BE: I have just finished a series of three novellas, which I hope to publish together as a book with Knopf. I'm at the moment very pleased with them—they explore aspects of language that the stories do not. Besides that, I have a few stories I have been working on, and am trying to get up the nerve to return to an old novel called “The Circular Desert” which I'd like to rewrite. I am also writing the text for an opera on the martyrdom of Joseph Smith with Christian Asplund.

SEE “INTERVIEW” NEXT PAGE

The man returned to the hall closet. He opened the closet, knelt down before it, thrust his hands in. He threw things out. He threw out metric wrenches and mason jars full of canned peaches, ski poles and winter coats and tangled scarves, Monopoly money and airplane glue and a milk-crusted glass. He surfaced with a fist-sized plastic box.

“Kids get to them?” the man said, holding the open box upside down, shaking it.

“Am I paid to watch them?” the woman said. “Honestly!”

Saved, I was thinking.

Not the cats—myself. I cared what happened to the cats only insofar as its happening affected me. Not that I have anything against cats, but people pay good money for their pets. They have a right to do what they want, as long as they leave me out of it.

“Perhaps the hardware store?” said the woman, looking at her watch. “Or Carl might.”

“Charles? Jenkins, you mean? Old Chuck Jenkins?” the man said.

The man looked at the cats, spat into the shag rug.

“Cats like these are not worth the waste of lead,” he said. “These three are dumpers.”

The man demanded to know what I thought of the idea, the idea of dumpers, it being my car, me to be the one to get the ticket if things went awry. As long as he paid for gas and did the dumping himself, I told him, I was with him.

They sat in the back seat, stroking cats, their faces fading in and out with the passing street lamps. The wife suggested it might be a nice gesture to give each cat a good solid crack with the pistol first, the butt end of it, for certainty's sake. It would be the kindest thing, she thought. I told them please to wait until we were on the highway. There was no point in being premature.

There were three, they said to me, three cats, counting kittens as cats. They said they could not help noticing that there were three cats and three of us too, when they counted me.

I said, no, no need to include me, that was okay, not at all, but thank you, thank you, I really appreciate the offer, thank you for asking.

The cats screeched like power saws when they hit the pavement. I watched the man and the woman in my mirror, dropping cats. I kept watching afterward, watching them look out the rear window.

“Whoops,” the man said. “Oh, no.”

“What?” I said.

“Nothing,” said the man.

“Awful,” said the woman.

“Such a mess,” said the man.

“Should have given them the smash,” said the woman, hefting the pistol.

The man leaned forward, put his hand on my shoulder. He put his mouth close to my ear. I felt his warm breath.

“Drive back and finish them, buddy,” said the man.

“It's the merciful thing,” said the woman.

“Turn this rig around,” the man said.

In the rearview mirror I watched what I could see of his face next to mine. He remained motionless, not speaking, the street lamps flashing into and out of the car.

I kept driving.

“Be a friend to me in this,” he said. He took the empty pistol from his wife and held the snout against my neck. “Aim for their skulls.”

“Killing Cats” can be found in Brian's new collection entitled, *Altmann's Tongue*, published by Knopf and available at fine bookstores everywhere.

CONTINUED...

OH, ANGIE

ourselves on the sidewalk so she would have to walk right by us in order to get back to the shooting location in the train station. When she walked past we would say something cool, she would be impressed, we'd have a great night on the town, and eventually get married and have all my roommates worship me for the rest of my life. Or was it Scott who we would all worship? We hadn't really worked out all the minute details of who would actually get to go out with Angie, but we were a little pressed for time. Or we thought we were, anyway. Angie was taking quite a long time in there. Scott and I sat down on the sidewalk to wait.

Several minutes later, the big moment came. The trailer door opened and Angie confidently strode down the sidewalk towards us. As she got closer, we realized two very important things. First, we were sitting on the sidewalk and not really in the line of sight for a woman who was about as tall as we were. Second we were really wusses and had never felt dumber in our lives. Angie walked past us and we didn't even make eye contact.

With tragedy comes empowerment. After a great ordeal you feel stronger and have learned a great deal about yourself. My Angie tragedy had some positive results. First, I will never again find myself saying, "I wonder what would happen if I had a chance to speak with a supermodel." I now know exactly what would happen. I would choke, just like anyone else. Second, and perhaps most importantly, I have learned that the fast track is just not for me. I need to spend less time running after the glitzy images that the mass media put in front of me and spend more time looking after the real people and friends who surround me. They are real; Angie is not. However, if any of you happen to personally know Ms. Everheart, please let her know that frightened looking guy in Barcelona is available and his phone number is easily attainable by calling BYU information. Thanks.

**You've seen 60 Minutes
You've seen MacGyver
You've seen Hart to Hart
You've seen Bosom Buddies
You've seen 3-2-1 Contact
You've seen West Side Story
You've seen Yanni Live
You've seen Knot's Landing
You've seen Lost in Space
You've seen Maury Povich
And you've seen Models Inc.
But have you seen**

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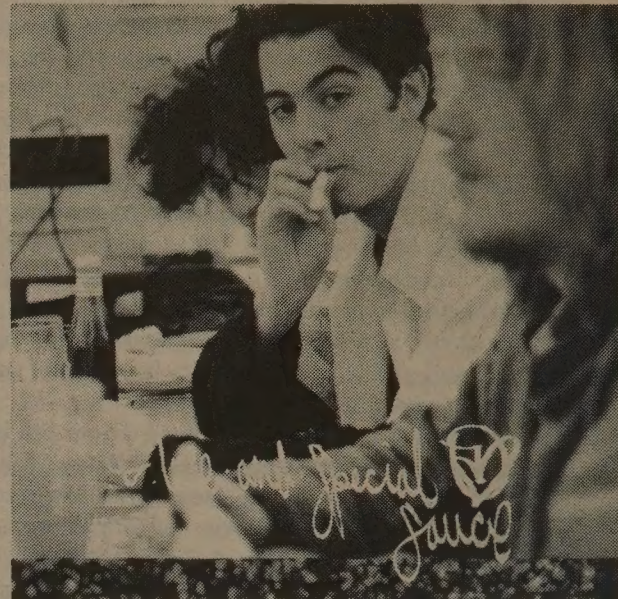
FLAVORS OF THE MONTH

MINI-REVIEWS BY SAM CANNON

G. Love and Special Sauce

G. Love and Special Sauce (O Keh/Epic)

At first, you look at the CD art and think to yourself, "I'll bet these guys are all packaging and no product. Then you see their tight, charismatic black-and-white video for "Cold Beverage" and realize that they're both, the whole shebang, the whole nine yards, street blues meets reefer rap and then some. Philly native G. Love, born Garrett Dutton III (you'd change your name, too), plays the guitar and harmonica while he sings/raps in a sleepy sorta blues style that places him somewhere between John Lee Hooker and B-Real of Cypress Hill. Jimmy Jass Prescott and Jeffrey Clemens—the Special Sauce, I presume—play upright bass and trap kit, respectively. I mean what's rap but a modern version of the talking blues anyway? And who else but O Keh Records, one of this country's oldest blues labels, should provide us with this kind of fresh hybrid of old (and by "old" I mean 1920s, *not* 1970s) and new school?



Liz Phair

Whip-smart (Matador)

Once again, Liz makes up for her average-sounding voice by writing incredibly catchy and surprisingly blunt songs. *Whip-smart*, her second album, sneaks into your mind with the charm and savvy of a professional con artist and won't go away, whether you like it or not. So why not like it?



Blood of Abraham

Future Profits (Ruthless)

Lyrical complex and politically bold, Blood of Abraham's Benyad and Mazik are carving new territory for Jewish (referred to by some as the "niggers of the white community"), and in turn, all non-black rap musicians. The Blood are not afraid to be militant ("Red rover red rover/Send the redneck right over/Ka-blaam!!") or direct ("I'd rather f*** America than be in on the funeral") in their approach and are never shy about a groove. Their creative use of samples and tempo changes make *Future Profits* a mesmerizing album without the vocals and it's an even better album with.

(I know this one came out in 1993 but I didn't pay enough attention the first time around. It took them opening for Machines of Loving Grace last month to get me on the ball.)

Sugar

File Under: Easy Listening (Rykodisc)

I'll say this just once: Bob Mould is the best songwriter of the last ten years. Fortunately, he's probably the most prolific, as well. As I understand it, the material for this album was ready so far ahead of schedule that the Sugar frontman spent about a year just polishing it up. And it shows in the way that each song on *File Under: Easy Listening* melts in your ears like, well...sugar. While record companies keep touting their new projects as "reminiscent of Hüsker Dü" or having "a Bob Mould kind of sound," might I remind everyone that the real thing is on the sale racks as we speak.

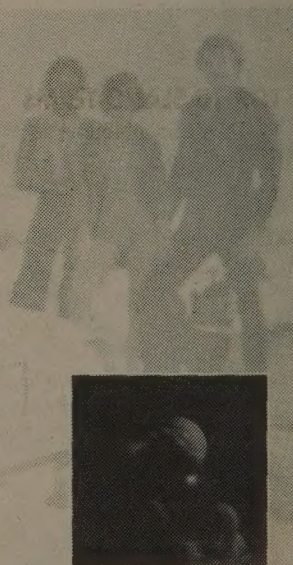
Lilys

A Brief History of Amazing Letdowns (Spin Art)

Like Ride, Drop Nineteens, and Stone Roses at their best, Lilys make simple, hypnotic pop songs. They hum in your ears for days after listening and all you can do to cure yourself is listen some more. This six-song EP is their second release and allegedly not as good as the first, which I haven't heard. But if that's true, you'll want both.

Lilys

**A BRIEF
HISTORY OF
AMAZING
LETDOWNS**



CONTINUED...

INTERVIEW

LC: Do you see any changes happening now in your writing? Do you have writing goals, as in things that you want to do with your language that you haven't done before?

BE: Yes, my writing does seem to be changing and I do want to do different things with language. Publishing *Altmann's Tongue* was great for me because it managed to clear a space for thinking about writing in new ways. The novellas that I have just written do things I didn't dare do in *Altmann's Tongue*.

Want more than just a glimpse at Brian Evenson? He'll be reading at Atticus Books in Orem on Saturday, September 24 at 7:30 pm and on KRCL (90.9 FM), Monday, October 17 at 12 noon.

BOOK (OF MORMON) LISTS

TOP 10 VACATION SPOTS

- 1—Waters of Mormon
- 2—Jershon
- 3—Hill Onidah
- 4—East Wilderness
- 5—Hill Cumorah
- 6—Headwaters of River Sidon
- 7—Land of many waters
- 8—Sidom
- 9—Helam
- 10—Captain Moroni Waterpark

TOP 10 PASTIMES

- 1—eating
- 2—drinking
- 3—being merry
- 4—praying
- 5—building boats
- 6—writing on metal
- 7—taking advantage of one another
- 8—preaching
- 9—escaping from bondage
- 10—sleeping in church

TOP 10 FOODS

- 1—Neas
- 2—Sheum
- 3—all manner of fruits
- 4—raw meat
- 5—wine
- 6—fruit of the tree of life
- 7—milk and honey, without money and without price
- 8—wheat
- 9—good water
- 10—green Jell-O

TOP 10 LIMERICKS

- 1—There once was a Nephite with bad luck...
- 2—There once was a boy named Corianton...
- 3—There once was a Nephite named Noah...
- 4—There was a town called Ammoniahah...
- 5—There once was a warrior named Shiz...
- 6—There was a fair daughter of Akish...
- 7—There once was a man named Korihor...
- 8—There once was an order of Nehor...
- 9—There once was a drunk guy named Laban...
- 10—And it came to pass...

TOP 10 SLANG TERMS

- 1—Don't be a Nehor!
- 2—Shiblomania!
- 3—Totally Teancumer!
- 4—Holy Hezekiah!
- 5—Shiz!
- 6—Amgid!
- 7—Party Omner!
- 8—Oh gag, Hamoth whiff!
- 9—Your mother shaves her head!
- 10—Great and Abominable! Δ

TOP 10 MOVIES

- 1—Teancum vs. Amalickiah II (This Time, He's Awake!)
- 2—Raising Archeantus
- 3—Jeberechiah's Day Off
- 4—Bonfire of the Vanities (starring King Noah)
- 5—Omer Alone
- 6—Better Off Dead (starring Korihor)
- 7—Naughty Noah's Nightlife
- 8—Blues Brothers (starring Nephi and Lehi)
- 9—Moriancumer Python's Holy Grail
- 10—How Rare a Possession

TOP 10 ANIMALS

- 1—Cumom
- 2—Curelom
- 3—Elephant
- 4—Deseret
- 5—Horse
- 6—Chick
- 7—Swine
- 8—Serpent
- 9—Fish
- 10—Goat

TOP 10 BAPTIZERS

- 1—Nephi, son of Helaman
- 2—Lehi, son of Helaman
- 3—Ammon
- 4—Aaron
- 5—Omner
- 6—Himni
- 7—Alma, Sr.
- 8—Alma, Jr.
- 9—Amul
- 10—Muron

TOP 10 ARMED SERVICE DUDES

- 1—Captain Moroni
- 2—Teancum
- 3—Lehi (the captain)
- 4—Helaman
- 5—Moronihah
- 6—Antipus
- 7—Lachoneus
- 8—Mormon
- 9—Moroni
- 10—Omni

TOP 10 EVIL DUDES

- 1—Nehor
- 2—Korihor
- 3—Amalickiah
- 4—Ammoron
- 5—Kishkumen
- 6—Gadanton
- 7—Zerahemnah
- 8—Amulon
- 9—Giddianhi
- 10—Zemnarahah

TOP 10 WOMEN

- 1—Mary
- 2—Sariah
- 3—Isabel
- 4—Abish
- 5—Eve

TOP 10 SPORTS

- 1—Hiking
- 2—Hunting
- 3—Sailing
- 4—Camping
- 5—Spying
- 6—Gambling
- 7—Rolling in iniquity
- 8—Archery
- 9—Fencing
- 10—Racquetball

TOP 10 BEST-SELLERS (IN ZARAHEMLA)

- 1—Eating, Drinking and Being Merry: and avoiding the consequences!
- 2—How to Prosper in the Coming Hard Times (by Samuel the Lamanite)
- 3—Naughty Noah's Guide to the Good Life
- 4—How to Kill Friends and Influence People (by Kishkumen)
- 5—Education of a Wandering Man (by Alma, Jr.)
- 6—Fatherhood (by Lehi)
- 7—Jaredite Glyphs Made Easy (by Mosiah)
- 8—Final Exit (by the Anti-Nephi-Lehies)
- 9—Babies and Other Hazards of Sex (Dave Berrionhi)
- 10—The Brass Plates



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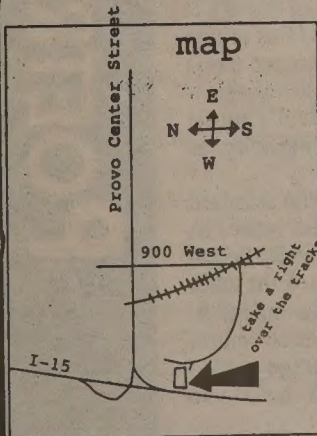
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(IN)ACTION FOR THE HOMELESS

BY ANDREW CHRISTENSEN

This issue's cover, brilliantly painted by BYU student Joe Brickey, is a jarring combination of images. In painting it, Joe drew from two major sources. The first was a picture he took on his mission in Latin America, of a man squatting at the roadside, begging. The second image was drawn from a photograph of the BYU campus.

We do not often see elderly men begging on campus, and the juxtaposition of those images creates questions and feelings in the viewer's mind that are not easily resolved. It is not a comfortable image, so how do we make ourselves feel better? We can ignore the man. We can tell ourselves that we cannot help, and then ignore the man. We can tell ourselves that his present circumstance is his own fault, and then ignore the man. Some of us might presume to discern that he is, in fact, a man with an addiction, such as to alcohol or some drug. Then, having identified his sickness, we can ignore the man.

We may tell ourselves that, for the same reason we probably do not vote in democratic elections, we may as well not be involved with those in need—I can't make a difference. In my hometown of Philadelphia it is



impossible to travel in the city without meeting people who ask for help. Being infinitely less powerful than the Savior, I quickly grow afraid and feel as though "there are too many." I am only one person, and I am not wealthy enough to help all of those in need. I am sure they understand.

None of these attitudes, I believe, leads us to a healthy decision or course of action. I am

only one person. I am only me. Is that striving to magnify our gifts? When I spend hours mailing resumes, making phone calls and seeking out new contacts to secure myself an internship for the coming semester, am I telling myself that I am only me? That I am all I can be? When I accept a church calling, or knock on one more door, am I wrongly thinking that my small efforts may come together to a part of a bigger whole? When I pack my ski boots and head for the slopes to improve my form on the moguls, and beat myself all day long to achieve a perfect run, am I resigning myself to just being "only me"? In our relationships with those we love, in our energy in the activities we love, and in the studies and pursuits that will further us, we aspire to be more, and to make our little influence count. We may develop a little window of energy to be of service—after all the girls we are assigned to home teach may be pretty cute—and there may be a candle of

desire, of charitable thoughts and feelings, an attitude, as it were, that allows us to answer questions correctly in Gospel Doctrine. Great! That is a start! Why not turn around and enlarge that window? In our striving and struggling, let us make room to be more like the Savior. Will we not become better people by making a change for some small ACTION in our lives to let the charitable attitude grow? Will we not be more at peace with ourselves if we can change our relationship with the elements of the world that make us uncomfortable in such a way as to make us feel as though we are doing our small part to assist?

According to Myla Dutton at the Community Action Agency on Center Street in Provo, during 1993 approximately 850 households in Provo became homeless and in need of help for some period of time. Nearly 900 people in need passed through Provo needing help. "Homeless," she emphasizes, is a situation, not a person. These are people who may or may not be employed, but cannot continue to pay the rising price of rent. The Agency, which is supported by State funds and generous donations by local businesses and charitable groups, provides healthy food and products for about 550 people each month. They have a food pantry there that needs volunteers. They could use your help. Winter is coming. Call 378-3901 to get involved.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BYU PRESIDENT REX LEE

Dear President Lee,

I am a senior at BYU, and have attended this school for the duration of my collegiate career. I have always been disturbed by a few items of school policy. The recent renewal of public interest in the BYU housing policy has prompted me to write this letter.

I cannot reconcile the incompatibility of the doctrine of free agency and the various policies BYU chooses to impose on its students and the community. The BYU Housing Policy is only one such example of inconsistency, but it is an important one. It is my opinion that the institutionalization of moral standards, and any attempt to enforce those standards bureaucratically, amount only to de facto perversions of the doctrine upon which those standards are founded.

BYU's rules regarding off-campus housing force Provo landlords to adopt business practices which obviously violate the Federal Fair Housing Act. This act prohibits "any preference, limitation, or discrimination because of race, color, religion, sex, handicap, familial status, or national origin, or intention to make any such preference, limitation, or discrimination." The housing market in Provo and the behavior of Provo Landlords are undeniably shaped by the BYU policy, the result being a market and behaviors that are clearly preferential, limiting, and discriminatory.

A 1978 agreement between BYU and the Justice Department which exempts BYU from the necessity of adhering to the Fair Housing Act is often cited. I went to the off-campus housing office with the intent of obtaining a copy of that agreement, but that office could not provide me with the document. I believe that any such exemption from a law intended to prevent discriminatory behavior is of dubious propriety.

The BYU administration is not the only party tainted by this matter. Because BYU controls the actions of thousands of students, (i.e., renters) BYU effectively governs the Provo landlords. These landlords are compelled to discriminate, and hence violate federal law, in order to protect their considerable business with students. The privacy of all residents of approved housing is compromised. The student body of BYU has grown to such large numbers that alternate housing, comparable and equivalent to existing approved housing, is not realistically available to non-students. Essentially, therefore, the real issue is segregation of students and non-students in housing; that segregation is illegal under federal law.

BYU claims that the policy is protected under religious freedom, but I do not understand what religious tenet requires gender separation, or any of the other mandates of the BYU housing policy in off-campus, private housing. In truth, the only right that BYU has in this issue is a negotiated one; that does not make it propitious or appropriate. Ignorance alone supports the idea that superficial segregation in off-campus housing prevents moral transgression. The only valid and effective prevention of transgression is an individual's moral conviction. Any external duress undermines the doctrinal basis for individual morality, as well as its real value.

All BYU students are required to sign the honor code and are familiar with the standard to which they are expected to conform. The honor of the students is subtly denied, however, as BYU goes to great lengths to require and ensure students' conformity to the code. By "great lengths," I refer to such actions as compelling the United States Government to "look the other way" when federal laws, applicable to the rest of the nation, are broken. How can one fail to notice the inconsistency of BYU's behavior and the doctrine of free agency that is so central to the gospel? The intentions behind BYU's rules are no doubt pure, but the leverage used to enforce them is reminiscent of the very types of systems of forced compliance that are so utterly opposed to the gospel plan.

BYU and its students are unequivocally entitled to their religious freedom. I am a part of that group, and I do not advocate any concession on moral principles. I do advocate equal protection of the civil rights of BYU students as well as those of the general populace of Provo. I do not believe that religious freedom and civil rights are mutually exclusive in this issue. BYU should follow the familiar church ideal and teach correct principles, then trust the conscience of the student body. BYU should abide by the law of the land and reform its rules to comply with the fair housing act.

Respectfully,
Shawn G. Hansen

POETRY OF ISSUES

"Listen Christian"

I was hungry
And you formed a humanities
Club to discuss my hunger...
Thank you.

I was imprisoned
And you crept off quietly
To your chapel in the cellar
And prayed for my release.

I was naked
And in your mind
You debated the morality
Of my appearance.

I was sick
And you knelt and
Thanked God
For your health.

I was homeless
And you preached to me
Of the spiritual shelter
Of the Love of God.

I was lonely
And you left me alone
To pray for me.

You seem so holy
So close to God
But I am still very hungry
And lonely...
And cold...

—Bob Rowland

(One of the many homeless
persons in America.)

The Provo Food and Shelter Coalition, and the Community Action Agency need money, supplies, and volunteers. They need you. Contact PFSC at 373-1825 or the CAA at 373-8200. BYUSA is establishing programs to assist those two agencies at this moment. Call 378-3901 to talk with a BYUSA program director or to sign up with Involvement.

COMING TO ARMENIA

BY DR. LYNN ELLIOTT

In the late 1980s, Armenia was frequently in the news. First there was the strong independence movement and the resulting conflict with Azerbaijan, both of which foretold the feelings of nationalism that would eventually tear the Soviet Union apart. Then there was the devastating earthquake of 1988 which flattened large portions of this small nation. In my mind, though, there seemed to be no more isolated or remote place on the earth. I was credulous, then, when my supervisor asked me to look into the possibility of sending the BYU Folk Dance Ensemble on a short concert tour there.

"Armenia?" I thought. "Isn't there a war going on there?"

The request for the BYU group had come from the European Area Presidency, and our office, which arranges the tours for all of the BYU performing groups, tries to seriously consider all requests. So I dutifully looked into travel arrangements for this isolated country. The response from the first travel agent I talked to was perhaps predictable. "Armenia?" she said. "Isn't there a war going on there?"

As it turned out, there was in fact a way to get to Armenia. To do so it was necessary to fly to Moscow and then catch a flight on the world's largest—and undoubtedly worst—airline, Aeroflot. "You won't want to take this flight," the Aeroflot agent told me, and I mouthed the words as he said, "I think there's a war going on there."

The fact of the matter was that in spite of the war, once I found that it was possible (at least theoretically) to get to Armenia, my job was to find out if the group could perform there. And the only way to find out if this was possible was to make the trip myself.

In flying to the former Soviet Union I soon found out that all of the horror stories I had heard about Aeroflot were true. I found it odd, first of all, to walk on a plane after passing through no more than a perfunctory security check. Once on the plane I found it completely disconcerting that there was no lecture on safety features, not that that would have mattered any since there were no seat belts to be found. Nor did anyone seem to mind that there was luggage piled on all the seats, laps, and in the aisles. This would have been enough to drive any safety minded American stewardess crazy, but the formidable looking Aeroflot stewardesses did not seem to mind.

So I comforted myself with the thought that, in the case of a fiery crash, seatbelts wouldn't matter much. I sat back into my broken seat, nestled next to a huge bundle of odd-shaped luggage and contemplated the thought of flying into a nation at war.

I shouldn't have worried. Upon landing in Armenia I soon discovered that I had two major misconceptions. First, I had almost expected to see Sarejavo-esque scenes in Armenia but I was both disappointed and relieved to find that there was nothing of the sort, at least not in the capital city of Yerevan. Instead, I found a city that was shrouded in darkness. For the last two years Armenia has been under an economic blockade that has limited the amount of fuel available and, as a result, has also limited the amount of electricity and running water. There were no tanks and artillery shells, but the war had brought stalled street cars, cold showers, hunger, and life by candlelight. Second, it was hard for me to imagine Armenia being anything more than an isolated, primitive country. But the day after I arrived, when I began to check out possible performance sites for the Folk Dance Ensemble, I was surprised to find that this country had theaters that were on the cutting edge of Soviet technology. Granted this might not be saying much, but it was a far cry from the huts I had almost expected to find. Moreover, it surprised me to see that Yerevan was a modern Soviet city with monolithic Stalinesque buildings and broad boulevards. Unlike other Soviet cities, it was also a beautiful place, whose people collect water from common taps that do no more than dribble, and burn wood collected from park trees in order to stay warm.

It seemed an unlikely place to send a BYU group, but I found that our sponsor in Yerevan was anxious for us to come, as were the two to three hundred members of the Church in the country. Perhaps most anxious were the embassy personnel who were pleasantly surprised that any American group would even consider coming to Armenia at such a difficult time.

As I traced my route back over Russia, through the subtle anarchy of Moscow and then back home to Utah, I couldn't help but think how unique BYU life is. The people I went to graduate school with, who are now teaching at universities across the country, wonder why any university would bother to send non-academic entertainment groups abroad. But I realized that for those few students who would travel to Armenia, this "non-academic" performance tour would be one of the highlights of their education. One week in darkness without running water would teach them more about the wages of war than would any lecture on the subject. More than that, a tour to Armenia would be one more of the many small shoves that BYU gives to the great stone of the gospel which will eventually roll forth and fill the whole earth. I can't help but think that this is, after all, why BYU is here.

SOCIAL CONTRACT

BETWEEN AN INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

WHEREAS I wish to reside on the North American Continent, and
WHEREAS the United States Government controls the area of the continent on which I wish to reside, and
WHEREAS tacit or implied contracts are vague and therefore unenforceable,

I agree to the following terms:

Section 1: I will surrender a percentage of my property to the Government. The actual percentage will be determined by the Government and will be subject to change at any time. The amount to be surrendered may be based on my income, the value of my property, the value of my purchases, or any other criteria the Government chooses. To aid the Government in determining the percentage, I will apply for a Government identification number that I will use in all my major financial transactions.

Section 2: Should the Government demand it, I will surrender my liberty for a period of time determined by the Government and typically no shorter than two years. During that time, I will serve the Government in any way it chooses, including military service in which I may be called upon to sacrifice my life.

Section 3: I will limit my behavior as demanded by the Government. I will consume only those drugs permitted by the Government. I will limit my sexual activities to those permitted by the Government. I will forsake religious beliefs that conflict with the Government's determination of propriety. More limits may be imposed at any time.

Section 4: In consideration for the above, the Gov-

ernment will permit me to find employment, subject to limits that will be determined by the Government. These limits may restrict my choice of career or the wages I may accept.

Section 5: The Government will permit me to reside in the area of North America that it controls. Also, the Government will permit me to speak freely, subject to limits determined by the Government's Congress and Supreme Court.

Section 6: The Government will attempt to protect my life and my claim to the property it has allowed me to keep. I agree not to hold the Government liable if it fails to protect me or my property.

Section 7: The Government will offer various services to me. The nature and extent of these services will be determined by the Government and are subject to change at any time.

Section 8: The Government will determine whether I may vote for certain Government officials. The influence of my vote will vary inversely to the number of voters, and I understand that typically it will be minuscule. I agree not to hold any elected Government officials liable for acting against my best interests or for breaking promises, even if those promises motivated me to vote for them.

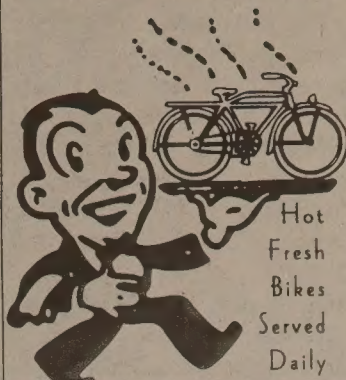
Section 9: I agree that the Government may hold me fully liable if I fail to abide by the above terms. In that event, the Government may confiscate any property that I have not previously surrendered to it, and my imprison me for a period of time to be determined by the Government. I also agree that the Government may alter the terms of this contract at any time.

Printed Name

Signature

Date

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If you would like to list some event—or otherwise important goings on please contact Julie at 377-6676 or the Student Review Office at 377-2980.

THE ARTS & WHATNOT:

Fiddler on the Roof, 9/19-24 at 7:30 pm, at the Draper City Hall, call 572-4625 or 576-6500.

Swan Lake, 9/20-24, presented by Ballet West, for tickets call 355-ARTS.

The Planemaker, 9/21-24, in the Pardoe Theater, tickets available at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

The Curious Savage, 9/22-11/19, at the Hale Center Theater, 225 W. 400 N., Orem, 226-8600 for tickets and showtimes.

Mame, thru 9/24, SLCC Grand Theatre, 1575 S. State, call 957-3322 for tickets and showtimes.

Don Giovanni, 9/25-25, presented by the San Francisco Opera Co. at the Egyptian Theatre in Park City, call 649-9371 for info.

Jane Eyre - the Musical, thru 9/26, Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main St., SLC, call 484-9257.

Aida, 10/8-16, presented by the Utah Opera Co., tickets available at Capitol Theatre ArtTix office, 50 W. 200 S., 355-2787.

CONCERTS:

Hoodoo Gurus, 9/22 at the Zephyr Club, 301 S. West Temple, 355-CLUB.

Sawyer Brown, 10/5 at the Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets.

Rock Block Party 1994, 10/8 from noon to dusk, at the Utah State Fair Park, featuring Jefferson Starship, Robby Krieger (of the Doors) and more, tickets available at Smith's Tix locations or call 800-888-TIXS.

Candlebox, w/ Flaming Lips & Mother Tongue, 10/13 at SaltAir, 7:30 pm, tickets available thru Smith's Tix.

Rolling Stones, w/ special guest Seal, 10/23 at Rice Stadium, tickets available at Smith's Tix or 800-888-TIXS.

Lorrie Morgan, 10/25 at the USU Spectrum, tickets available at Smith's Tix.

Tony Bennett, 11/11 at 8 pm, in Abravanel Hall, tickets available at ArtTix or 355-ARTS.

Intermountain Acoustic Music Assoc., presents Dylan Schorer and Aaron Jones, on 9/24 at UofU Social Work Auditorium, 943-2262.

Melissa Ethridge, 9/26 at Abravanel Hall, 7:30 pm w/ special guest Billy Pilgrim, tickets on sale at all ArtTix Albertson's outlets & Capitol Theatre, or call 355-ARTS.

Anne Murray, 10/3 at 8 pm, in Abravanel Hall, tickets available at ArtTix or 355-ARTS.

ONGOING:

The Garrens Comedy Troupe, almost every Friday, with two shows at 7:30 and 9:15 pm, this week (9/23) in the Wilk.

Country Western Saturday Night, Murray Dance Center, 4880 S. State, instruction begins at 8 pm, dancing at 9 pm, 278-7291.

Trolley Square Concerts, showcase local talent at the mall's amphitheater stage.

Heber Valley Railroad, season ends 10/30, call 581-9980 or 654-5601 for times, don't miss out on a ride on the rails!

Matuschka, art exhibit thru 11/10, at the Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S. West Temple.

Hawkwatch International, thru 11/5, at the Utah/Nevada border west of Wendover, the public is invited to the mountaintop research center to observe counting & banding of hawks, eagles & falcons, call 801-524-8511 to make a reservation.

Family History Center Classes, every 2nd & 4th Sunday, variety of free classes offered, held in the HBL Library, 378-6200.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals, Thursdays, 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word", Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15.

Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall on Temple Square

at 7:30 pm, call 240-3318 for info. on performances.

The Earth Save Foundation, meets the 4th Thurs. of every month, Calvin Smith Library at 810 E. 330 S. at 7 pm.

BYU Planetarium, call 378-4361 for scheduling, 378-5396 for recording of shows.

Springville Art Museum, at 126 E. 400 S., showing Pilar Pobil's "Passion for Color" thru 10/2, call 489-2727 for museum hours.

Museum of Peoples & Cultures, at the corner of 700 N. 100 E., presents "Paquime & the Casas Grandes Culture", open 9-5 weekdays, admission is free!

Hansen Planetarium, at 15 S. State in SLC, shows include Laser-Fusion, Laser-U2 and Laser-Grunge, call 538-209 for times.

EVENTS:

World of Dance, 9/21-24 at 7:30 pm, in the DeJong Concert Hall, tickets available at the Music Ticket Office.

Blue Cross/Blue Shield Hoop-it-Up Tournament, 9/23-24 at the Triad Center, 3 on 3 street basketball tour of the NBA, hotline # 484-2600.

HAFLA Middle Eastern Dinner & Show, 9/24 at 6:30 pm, Ladies Literary Club at 850 E. South Temple, call 595-6900 for info.

1994 Image de Utah Fall Conference, 9/24 at Weber State University, focusing on "Gender

Issues in the 90s", call 626-7330 for more info.

Extempo with Vox-One, 9/24 at 8:30 pm in the Provo Tabernacle.

Tour de Suds, 9/24, uphill tour and timed trial presented by Mountain Trails Foundation, beginning at Park City Park, call 649-4035 for more info.

Fiesta Islands '94, 9/24 at 7 pm, Taylorsville High School, showcasing the cultural heritage of the Phillipines.

Rugby Challenge Cup, 9/24-25 in Park City.

Fall Colors Fat Tire Festival, 9/24-25 at Brian Head, festival geared to riders of all abilities, call 677-2029 for info.

The Mark of Zorro, silent film night on 9/27 at 7:30 pm, deJong Concert Hall.

Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus, 9/28-10/3 at the Delta Center.

Bryce Valley Harvest Festival, 9/30-10/1, in Tropic (near Bryce Canyon National Park) featuring country music, quilt contest, dutch oven cookoff and much more, call 679-8796.

Snowbird's Oktoberfest, weekends until 10/16, with German food, music and dance, 521-6040 x4080.

R.E.M.

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Monday, Sept. 26, Midnight

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CONCERTS

• The Obvious w/ Cradle of Thorns & Insipid Brown - Oct. 11 @ The Edge, 8 pm, \$6

• '5 Bands 6 Bucks' (Agnes Poetry, Ali Ali Oxen Free, Peter Breinholt and Big Parade, Clover, Sofa) - Oct. 17 @ The Edge, 7:30 pm, \$6

• Iceburn, Engine Kid, Ampersand - Oct. 24 @ The Edge, 8 pm, \$6

• Happy Valley Halloween Bash (Stretch Armstrong, Numbs, Model Citizen) @ The Edge, 8pm, \$5 (costume party)

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